

A Taste Of Spring

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Summary: Spring is approaching Berk and Hiccup finds himself busier than ever as the new chief. Thank Odin he has one wicked, kick-ass wife to make life that much easier. There's a whole load of daily problems awaiting him, after all; and the twins are always somewhere in there, too. But what do when your most relied right-hand woman falls victim to an unknown sickness?

1. Chapter 1

****_A/N: WARNING! This story is post-HTTYD2. I do NOT adhere for any plot-based errors that might occur after Juni/July of this month where we actually get to see the much-wanted movie (see publishing date of this fanfiction)._****

****_Warning number two: if you do NOT like any form of spoiler etc. and don't even want to see the trailer or likes, then I suggest to not read this :D_****

****_Disclaimer: If I owned it, I'd release the second movie like...NAOW!_****

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><p>A Taste of Spring

The suddenness of a forceful jerk made Hiccup's eyes jump wide open, his brain trying to catch up with the now awakened state he was in; light bursting through and blinding him.

Before he could catch himself, calming his rushing heart, the auburn-haired dragon rider found himself now smacking his face against the hard wooden floor of his bedroom.

Or rather, _their_ bedroom.

"C'mon sleepy-head, the sun's all up!" A too familiar voice giggled above him from the bed.

Groggily, he turned his head around, ignoring the pain as he sent his best glare back up at the blond Viking.

Astrid smiled cheekily, leaning her head on a hand. She jumped up afterwards, grabbing the rest of her garments which she quickly threw on, suddenly thundering down the staircase.

"Breakfast is on the table and getting cold! And it's no longer yours, either, the flies have taken a liking towards it."

Another moan erupted from his lips, eyes squinted as he gradually got to his feet.

"Why are we in a rush again?" He muttered as he looked for his own clothing, which should have been scattered around somewhere.

"Why, we have to patrol Berk this morning, like always of course!" She yelled back up, her feet stomping around which echoed throughout the whole building.

After fixing his gear and pulling his fingers leisurely through his rebellious strands, the young chief decided to descend the stairs and see how much was left of his breakfast.

"You are quite energized this morning." _Considering how tired I made you last night..._ He added the last bit as a thought better not spoken aloud.

"And _you_," she walked up to him, pulling his shirt into the right position before leaning in for a peck on his lips, "are lazier than usual."

She turned with a smile, grabbing her much-loved axe from its hook, "I'll go ahead, check the western area and meet you further north." She announced, glancing over her shoulder with one more loving look before she disappeared.

"Alright..." Hiccup muttered long after the door had been shut and he was left to himself. Another thoughtful stare at his disintegrated breakfast, and he had made up his mind.

"Toothless! Where are you bud?"

* * *

><p>After swooping over Erna's bread stand, Hiccup was reminded of the emptiness in his complaining stomach. He flew low, calling out to the old lady for permission prior to snatching one of those large, heavenly-smelling loafs.<p>

He ate half of it, before chucking the other piece towards Toothless, which he devoured within a mere second. He rumbled in appreciation afterwards.

Soon the both of them found themselves in front of the entrance to the great hall, where he would meet up with Astrid on a regular

basis. She would then hand him her report. Usually trivial stuff, sometimes something crazy happened though.

It often involved the twins...

"Bad news" He heard Astrid call with a tone of annoyance as Stormfly came to a halt in front of him, "Belch somehow managed to swallow a fireworm, Tuffnut tried to fetch it out of his stomach by...well, attempting to climb inside."

Hiccup pulled an irked expression; even though he was pretty used to this kind of stuff, "He did..._what_?!"

"I know, sounds crazy, is even crazier when you see it." She shook her head before taking off, closely followed by Hiccup and Toothless.

* * *

><p>It was worse than any Snotlout-gets-gobbled-up-by-Hookfang scenario Hiccup could recall right at that moment in time. Scratch that; Anyone of those scenes is actually hell amusing.

This was just painful to look at.

Tuffnut was pretty deep in, which Barf throwing worried looks at his other head and rider, Ruffnut standing in front of the dragon with an annoyed facial expression, arms crossed over her chest.

The boy was obviously too big for his dragon's maw.

"Well hello there chief," Ruffnut murmured, "Looks like your job is finally offering you a sight to behold. May I introduce: Tuffbelch!" She swung a hand at her brother, smirking evilly at the sight.

"Right...Tuffnut? Can you hear me?!" He called, watching Belch shake his head miserably.

There was a gargling answer, which he could not quite make out.

"He says he's fine." The other twin translated. Upon the pointed look she got, she shrugged, "What? I know what he's saying, I feel it in here." She pointed towards her heart.

"Seriously?"

"Nope, just kidding."

"Mmmddhaa" Came from Tuffnut's side.

The chief and his wife sighed.

"I don't want to know what he must taste like..." Astrid muttered next to him, "How shall we do this?"

"First, try to pull him out." He nodded towards Toothless, who grabbed one of Tuffnut's feet and began to pull and swing his wings frantically.

"You think Belch might accidentally bite his head off?" Ruffnut seemed all too excited about that possibility.

"Dffffmmmmmm!" Come from somewhere inside Belch's jaw.

"It's not working, Hiccup." Astrid sighed, looking around.

Suddenly, an idea came to her, and she had a devious smile form on her lips. From her pockets she protruded a small casket.

Opening the lid, she filled it into a bowl she fished out of Stormfly's saddle-bags and set it in front of Barf, "Here you go, boy, have a nice drink!"

The curious other head of the Zippleback scarfed down the bowl in whole, licking his lips and looking all content.

"What was that?" Hiccup questioned, sending the dragon a doubtful look.

"Wait and see." She grinned, the party watching as Barf's expression changed to a sickly one as he opened his mouth to let out the gas.

"Shouldn't you make _Belch_ vomit instead of _Barf_?" Ruffnut asked in her all-too logical tone of voice.

"No boy, keep it in!" Astrid sprinted towards him, making an elegant move to jump up, snatching the head in her arms and pushing him down to the ground, all the while keeping his maw shut.

"What the hell are you doing with my dragon?" Ruffnut was raising an eyebrow, "If you want to blow him up like a gas balloon â€" have a nice time trying. I did that ages ago, it doesn't work."

"No, idiot, _wait_ and _see."_

Hiccup decided not to intervene. His wife had the tendency to come up with clever ideas all the time. She was his right-hand man â€" err â€" _woman, _after all.

All three watched as Barf struggled under Astrid's steely grip, until the gas seemed to wander back down his throat and towards _Belch's _head, where the frightened dragon swerved his head more frantically, Tuffnut shouting inside his jaws until an explosion shook the ground and he was sent flying towards the other side of the field.

"Thanks...!" He yelled from a distance, all black and roasted.

"This is awesome! Belch, you barfbelched fire!" Ruffnut fisted the air, grinning at the Zippleback which simply staggered from the sudden impact.

Astrid clapped her hands together, looking appreciatively at her work, "Well, that worked just fine!" at her ground, she discovered the small, burning fire-dragon now scuttling off to Thor-knows-where.

"W-Wow..." The Night-Fury-rider glanced in surprise at his wife,

blinking several times, "How did you figure _that_ out?!"

"Easy; I got Gothi to give me some medicine to make dragons throw up, seeing as it's baby-dragon season and they tend to scarf up everything they find. The rest was a bit of lucky logic; the gas has to travel _somewhere_."

"You're a genius." He laughed, shaking his head in disbelief.

"I know." She winked, turning back towards her Deadly Nadder, "Well, now that that's sorted, let's go check the rest of Berk."

"Good, oh, and Ruffnut?" The chief turned to the other half of the duo-of-never-ending-chaos, "No more feeding your dragon fireworms, okay?"

"Wasn't my idea, the idiot over there thought it would cook the dragon's meal from the inside if Belch ate a fish together with a fireworm. I said he needed to eat the fireworm _first_. Gosh, and I'm _related_ to that guy!"

Giving her a rather worrying look, but not wanting to go into a further discussion, seeing as common sense was not their strength, Hiccup left it, climbing onto Toothless' back and taking off after Astrid.

* * *

><p>"Toothless, now!" The black-scaled beast swung his wings harder, causing a small wind to pick up and hurdle the chickens into the opposite direction.<p>

One of them seemed to come astray, legging it towards the right, "Toothless, get it!" But before his speedy companion could react, a spike was buried into the ground next to where the chicken had run, causing it to jump up in fear and return to the others.

"Good job, Stormfly!" Astrid patted her dragon, sending a grin over to her husband.

"Nice one." He smiled, feeling himself once more reminded of just what a good team Astrid and he made.

If it was during Dragon races, Twin-problems, day to day human-and-dragon-complications, a Villager's ailment or simply housework; if it weren't for Astrid, Hiccup would have messed up already.

He wasn't chief for long â€" after finally agreeing to give the job a go, he had been glad back then Astrid was at his side, and he was more than that right now.

During conferences and meetings in the great hall, he always had her whisper the one or other useful suggestion into his ear, which got him the appreciation of everyone around. It always worked positively.

"That's the last farm for today." She called as she flew past him, "Let's see who gets home first!" her voice echoed through the sky as Stormfly darted across the heavens.

"C'mon buddy, we can keep up with that!" he patted Toothless, who rumbled in agreement before he sped off.

* * *

><p>"I hope there's not another Ruffnut-Tuffnut incidence to deal with tomorrow." Hiccup complained as he rubbed his face, placing his helmet on a table.<p>

"Why not? It's always fun to see just how crazy they can get. Especially Tuffnut."

He sighed, watching the blond Viking pour some yak-milk into a mug which she had grabbed from the fire. She pressed it into Hiccup's hand, but before he could take a sip, she spilled some powder into his drink.

"What's that?"

"A new herb Fishlegs discovered the other day. Helps against headaches apparently. Better than ice blocks." She winked at him again, turning around to fill her own portion of milk, "There was a lot to do today, after all, and tomorrow starts the fishing season. With all the dragon babies now around it's a full-time job."

"What would I do without you." He sat down, leaning his head back as he took a sip, revelling at the nice, fruity taste the milk now had.

"You'd be pretty busted." she laughed, sitting opposite him with her own mug.

"Yeah, but you'd be busted without me, too."

She rolled her eyes at that statement, "Yeah, of course."

He leaned onto the table, facing her, "Yeah, you would."

"Sure." She did not break eye-contact as she leaned onto her right hand, giving him a rather bored expression.

Hiccup stood up, bending towards her and giving her a curt kiss, "You would." He stressed, smirking at her slightly dumbfounded expression.

"Right!" She jumped across the table, chasing after her husband as said man jolted to his feet, laughing and running up the stairs, "I'm rubbing off on you! That's all!" He called as she grabbed him, winding her arms around upper torso.

"Don't forget who always won one-on-one fights against you!"

"Yeah, back then!"

"I'm only giving in nowadays to not embarrass you as the chief;but I could beat you if I wanted to!" She gripped him tighter as Hiccup swung both of them around with an echoing laugh.

"Try me!"

He chuckled some more, even as Astrid wrapped a leg around his torso, using the other to trip him up so that he would fall onto the ground.

He managed to catch himself just in time.

"Giving up?" The acrobatic Viking questioned, sitting on the auburn-haired man's back now.

"Nope."

Just as she was about to tickle his ribs, knowing he was very sensitive there, he jerked, rolling her around and now pinning the girl to the ground.

"Told you you can't beat me." He smirked down at her.

Astrid's chest heaved from all the action, but she was smiling nonetheless. With swift movements, she tentatively touched his sides, making her husband shudder and giving her the chance to throw him over once more, "You can't beat me, no matter how much older you get." She stuck out her tongue at him.

All the while, Toothless sat at the window's rim, watching curiously as the couple rolled around like a dragon in a dragon-nip field.

Humans, they had weird antics when they wanted to...

* * *

><p>The morning rays stormed through the windows, throwing their glamour over the silent, sleeping couple on the other side of the wooden room several weeks afterwards.<p>

Amber eyes burst open, bones clicking into place as the large, scaly dragon stretched his muzzle towards the source of warmth.

With an echoing roar, directed towards the double bed, he caused for Hiccup to rouse with shock, jumping up, eyes large and heart pounding rapidly.

"Wha!?" Sleep drunk as you can be when the sun has only just peeked around the corner of the large mountains, he rubbed his eyes.

Another vibrating roar, filled with demand and excitement.

"Toothless..." he drawled, flexing his limbs as he gradually got out of his warm little haven, not before placing a lingering look to his left.

Astrid was still asleep, catching the young chief completely by surprise.

She always prized herself with getting up before him, chucking him out of bed in any way or manner possible.

He _never_ woke up before her.

Never.

Maybe she was preparing a prank...?

He couldn't imagine it.

'Guess it's my lucky day today. Payback time!' He smirked to himself, swinging his legs off his bed and grabbing his rider's attire.

Toothless had already clambered out of the window, jumping around the front of the building as he waited. Even dragons need a good warm-up session.

It was a particularly cold morning that day. The sea had sheets of thin ice floating across its broad surface, frost clambering to all corners. You did not want to touch any form of metal barehanded. Not if you cherished your fingers, at least.

Unless your name was Tuffnut.

The typical spring season, Hiccup thought.

As he righted his outfit, snatching his inflammable sword from the hook after tightening his sole boot, Hiccup took one last glance at Astrid.

"Not even rousing." He chuckled to himself.

He skipped downstairs, grabbing a few logs which he placed adequately into the crackling fire.

"Well, how could I wake her up in return?" He thought of all the devious things he could do, but ultimately decided he was not that much of a vengeful type.

Blame it on the lessons he learnt from Snotlout, or simply the love he had for his wife.

After pouring some milk into one of the hanging pots, and heating up another with the chowder from last night, Hiccup returned upstairs, watching a bundle of unmoving Astrid laying perfectly still on her half of the bed.

"Astrid?" He called quietly, trudging over to the bed and seating himself beside her.

He leaned over, finding her face hidden behind loose golden strands, the wool covering her lips.

Smirking, he pressed his own lips to her cheek. Just as he expected, she groaned silently, her eyes squeezing shut more tightly.

"Astriiid." He sung, "Time to wake up, the terrible terrors have already whistled their morning tune." Hiccup kissed her cheek again, lingering for a moment to wait for another reaction, but his wife simply muttered some gibberish.

"Astrid?" He scowled, finding it rather curious that she seemed everything but motivated this morning. His hands shot to her side as he rocked her to and forth, "You're not doing a lazy Fishlegs are you?" he teased, knowing how much she hated it to be compared to anyone.

"M'not..." she muttered, finally turning onto her back as he shook her once more.

Her cerulean eyes opened, staring darkly at her husband who was simply grinning like a goof, "Look who's finally awake."

"I hate you..." she murmured.

"Usually it's you waking me up."

"I still hate you..."

"I know." He leaned back down to her forehead, giving her an endearing kiss.

She took that opportunity to grasp his shirt, tearing him towards her so that she could plaster a kiss of her own to his lips.

"So much for hating me..."

She smiled knowingly at him, seemingly returned to her old glowing glory, the way Hiccup was used to ever since they lived together.

Just as he was about to dive down for another treat, Astrid's eyes shot open like large, azure pools before she pushed her husband to the side forcefully (she was definitely quite strong; Hiccup gave her that) and arced over the edge of the bed.

The chief watched in horror as she sputtered out bile, retching like mad before she finally caught some air.

"Are you...okay...?" He asked carefully, Toothless now next to him, his head angled questioningly.

The whole action caught him totally by surprise.

"I feel sick..." Astrid shuddered, falling back onto the bed.

Hiccup simply stared at her for several seconds, blinking in confusion before shooting a glance towards his reptilian companion, "I guess Chowder's out for breakfast."

Toothless looked as irritated as he was.

"Erm, do you want some warm Yak-milk may-" yet before his request was fully spoken, she was choking up again, jolting out of the bed and stumbling her way to the bathroom to find an adequate bucket.

As if stung by a Speed Stinger, Hiccup listened to the frantic steps Astrid was taking.

She was obviously sick. Although he could not quite tell what

could possibly be ailing her.

Eel-pox season was over since long. She did not have a flower allergy (which didn't include vomiting, anyway), nor had she eaten anything off (because they consumed the same food day in day out. Except for the occasions when Hiccup got himself a loaf from Erna.)

The chief turned back around, trudging down the steps, "Come on Toothless, let's see how we can help her."

His dragon followed suit.

Astrid was in front of the large living-room fire by now, leaning strenuously over a bucket as she held her head.

"I'm starving," she complained before retching anew.

"I guess you are." He chuckled, even though the fraction of worry was increasing by the minute, "Anything you want? Something I can get you?" He questioned carefully.

"Yeah, go get me some of Erna's fresh bread. And fish cakes. And cold yak-milk. Oh! And that weird berry Tuffnut discovered the other week which tasted like roasted mutton."

Making a rather distasteful facial expression, Hiccup nodded sluggishly, "You sure about that?"

"No. Get me real mutton. And salt water. Smoked eel?" She glanced curiously around the room just before her face went paler and she spewed some more into her newly acquired container.

"Right...I'll go see what I can do."

* * *

><p>The best and wisest choice would have been Gothi. Hiccup was a hundred percent sure that woman could tell what sickness befell Astrid simply by look at the bile.<p>

She was the eldest of Berk, after all, and a sort of prophet. A wise and creepy old, tiny crone, who made him shudder by the mere thought of her.

The woman would prepare an antidote of sorts with a flick of her fingers by all he knew. Astrid often went to her for advice, and the old lady had a sort of fondness regarding his wife. She had told him Astrid was a great choice (well, he believed that was what she had intended on telling him " he could not speak Gothi quite well...)

She probably knew he was thinking of her...

Feeling the goosebumps tickle across his skin, Hiccup shook himself, deciding that, despite all logic, he'd rather go see the next-best person.

His mother.

Valka and his father lived in Hiccup's former home " the one he

grew up and resided in before he married Astrid and built a house of their own.

"Make it big, for all the grandchildren!" Stoick had told him as he clapped Hiccup's back, upon which he stumbled a few feet, blushing a maddening crimson.

Thank Odin Astrid had not heard.

Toothless landed as silent as the night, watching his rider's worried demeanour as he climbed off and walked towards the entrance.

"It's okay bud, I can take it from here, I'll call you when I'm done."

With a whale-like roar, Toothless swung off into the skies, darting like an arrow through the clouds.

The chief knocked on the door, taking in the sound of staggering behind the thick wooden barrier before it finally opened and revealed his father, "Hiccup!"

"Hey, dad...is mom around?" He glanced behind his father inside the building, but found it empty, save for the flickering flames.

"I'm sorry son, she left for the ice cave this mornin'. Wanted to check on the dragons."

"Ah, alright, I'll go there then. Thanks dad." He was about to turn and leave when his father continued.

"Everything alright with ya son? You seem a bit worried."

"Ah it's...just Astrid. She's not doing well."

"Oh, sick?"

"Seems like it." He scratched the back of his head nervously.

"Weird, it's not season right now. You asked Gothi?"

"Yeah...she's my next stop actually. But I'll try mom first."

"Not your favourite talking-companion, now, is she boy?" Stoick gave him an understanding look, upon which Hiccup nodded.

"Yep. Well, I'll go see if I can find mom somewhere around the ice cave, talk later!" He waved a hand, making a whistling sound with his fingers before Toothless swooped down to pick him up.

"Well well..." Stoick muttered to himself, "Might not be sickness-season right now, lad, but baby season..." _He glanced to his left, where a baby gronckel shook itself and began chasing after a butterfly.

* * *

><p>The grass bloomed in glorious green, everything shimmered with the light that sparkled through the morning dew.<p>

Hiccup loved it here. Beyond the ice cave, a whole dragon-paradise stretched across the land, habitat to many different types; some he had never known of before.

"Mom?" He called as a few tiny Nadder's skidded past his legs, squealing as they played catch.

A couple dragons flew up above, swooping across the skies skilfully and dipping the heavens in many rainbow colours.

Between a crowd of Gronckels, a huge Typhoomerang and three other dragon-types Hiccup could not recall the names of yet, his mother stood, throwing something unrecognisable towards the feet of a few fledgling Zipplebacks. They squeaked and squirmed in appreciation.

A large shadow lowered itself above her, revealing itself to be Cloudjumper; Valka's most trusted reptilian companion.

"Mom!" A smile erupted on his face upon seeing her, and she turned with a bright expression of her own.

"Hello my son." She glanced around him, as if searching for someone, "Where's Astrid?"

Astrid and Valka, upon meeting each other, had gotten very close, Hiccup discovered. Valka loved Astrid, thought of her as a powerful and protective woman who cherished her son very much, and always acted as a voice of reason towards him.

She remembered from many years ago, when Hiccup had been a little boy, how he had admired the blonde girl from the very first moment he lay his eyes on her.

He had stood, paralysed to the spot, staring, mesmerized, at Astrid being taught by her uncle how to hold an axe correctly.

When Valka figured out what was causing her son to lack behind on their walk home, she smiled knowingly.

"How about we say hello?" She suggested, observing her son's eyes widen even further.

She trudged towards the Hofferson's, leaving Hiccup no other choice but to stumble behind.

"Hello Finn! Teaching your niece how to slay a dragon?" The blond man stopped in the middle of his lecture, surprised upon Valka's presence.

"Ah, yes, I want Astrid to grow up strong and independent." He smiled at the little girl who grinned proudly.

"Hi Astrid." Valka leaned down towards her, grinning before she patted her head.

All the while, Hiccup was hiding behind his mother's legs, shying away completely.

"Hiccup, you have to be polite and say hello."

When Hiccup peeked up at Astrid, mustering a sincere smile, dimples forming in his cheeks, the girl began to blush.

"T-True Vikings don't hide!" She yelled in a form of defence before turning her attention back to her uncle.

Valka knew from that very moment that Hiccup's fondness for her would only grow, and that she had a weak-spot for him too. Both of them most likely couldn't even remember that incidence now.

"She's the reason I'm here." The young chief patted Cloudjumper before he approached his mother, "She's not well."

An expression of dread overcame the elder woman as she examined Hiccup's rather nervous look.

"Not...well?" she tilted her head slightly.

"Yeah, she's been sick since she woke up. And has developed a strange type of appetite as well..." He frowned upon the memory of her choice of meal.

"Sick...?"

"Yeah."

"Have you seen Gothi about this?"

He opened his mouth to respond adequately, but the message he was sending his mother with his eyes spoke volumes itself, causing Valka to shake her head in amusement.

"Sick, you say..." She turned back to a Gronckel, scratching it underneath the chin, "Well then!" She averted her eyes towards Cloudjumper, "Come on, ma boy, let's go take a look at my daughter-in-law!"

The Stormcutter smiled agreeingly.

* * *

><p>The dragon rider was trudging impatiently up and down his living-room, hands behind his back, a puzzled Toothless opposite him and watching with an angled head as his best friend looked more than anxious.<p>

He could hear the silent female voices from upstairs, one talking soothingly whilst the other had a groggy, strained tone to it.

There was a curt laugh in between it all, and a hushed whisper before Hiccup finally discovered his mother was descending.

The wood creaked underneath her feet as she approached him, a confident expression plastered onto her features.

"Well?" He held out his hands questioningly.

"The good news is, we won't need to consult Gothi. It is pretty obvious what her condition is."

Hiccup raised a curious eyebrow at his mother, "And the bad news...?"

"There are no bad news, only even better news." Her smile broadened.

"Better news...?" Looking back at Toothless, who sat at the back, silently cleaning his paws, he frowned.

"You best ask Astrid directly." Valka placed a lingering hand onto his shoulder, giving him a somewhat knowing look before she headed towards the entrance, "It'll be a tough snow-season up ahead for you."

"Snow...season?" He had absolutely no idea what she was going on about, but could not ask as his mother left beforehand.

Silence filled the house for several seconds, before, with a maddeningly palpitating heart, Hiccup began to ascend the stairs.

Once at the top, he found his wife sitting at the edge of their bed, looking as pale as a pebble.

"Astrid?" He carefully asked, not sure what to expect in the next few minutes.

She seemed surprised upon his appearance, glancing at him with large, glassy eyes.

"You're...crying?" Hiccup feared she would punch him for that.

Instead, her lips began to curl up, eyes sparkling even brighter than before.

"Okay...I'm in the right house, right?" He glanced around, noting it was definitely their bedroom, "And you are my wife, right?" She just kept grinning, "So why are you crying and smiling?"

"Guess." Was her only reply.

He threw his hands up into the air, shrugging, "Someone discovered a way to make yak-pie taste even better?"

"No you idiot." She stared deeply into his eyes, as if she were trying to convey the message telepathically.

Hiccup stared at her for a good length of time, "I'm...not...sure?"

Astrid rolled her eyes, standing up and approaching her husband, "Hiccup, you are supposed to be the cleverest of us all."

"Yeah, right, that doesn't mean I know why the next snow-season is supposed to be-"

>He stopped, frowning into mid air, "Wait...wait...it snows nine months a year."

The blonde Viking raised an eyebrow, waiting for her husband to continue as she bit onto her lip.

"Nine months..." When his emerald orbs flung open wide, meeting with her cerulean one's in utter disbelief, he felt his cheeks heat up dramatically, "N-N-Nine...you are...nine...you're..." gradually, he averted his gaze down towards her abdomen.

"Yes." She whispered excitedly.

Their eyes met anew.

Astrid nodded, "_Yes_."

Something between a laugh and a sigh escaped his lips as he himself felt them curl upwards, "Whoa!" He grabbed Astrid by the waist, swinging her up and spinning her a full threehundredandsixty degrees, "WHOA!"

"Yeah, _whoa_, I feel sick again." Immediately, he placed her down, suddenly treating her like a porcelain doll.

In that curt moment, Hiccup was taken back again; all the way towards the flower-filled fields during the one month of thaw, where he had seen Astrid for the first time, admiring her beauty and passion as she listened attentively to her uncle's speech.

He thought one of the Goddesses of Asgard had descended that day.

Everything that had occurred that day; everything they had _been_ _through together_ just zoomed along in his mind up until that very moment, where he saw her holding her stomach and puffing her cheeks.

"I could _so_ do with a fish cake right now..."

His only response was a bellowing laugh and a kiss to her lips.

"Alright then, you best go back to bed young lady, I'll go make you something to eat."

"I'm _pregnant_ Hiccup, not _dying_. _I can cook myself_."

"No, I insist, you have to be careful these next nine months. No more dangerous missions for you; if the twins cause a ruckus again, I'll take it on on my own or with Fishlegs."

"Hiccup."

"And we need to make sure you eat a whole load of healthy stuff. Next dragon race you gotta sit out â€" that'll actually make it _fair_ for once-"

"_Hiccup_."

"Oh! We could make the dragons form a sort of bodyguard around you in case anything ha-"

"Hiccup!"_ She grabbed his shoulders, shaking him as she tried to catch his eyes, "_I'm having a baby; a human! My bones are _not_ turning into _glass_. _Will you calm down_?"

"Actually, I feel like fainting." He spoke quite honestly as he stared his wife into the eyes.

"How the hell do you think _I_ feel...especially in the course of the next nine months..."

"Wild herbal tea, that's really good for you according to Fishleg's book on botanic, I could-"

"Oh dear Goddess Freyja...please make it a _girl_..."

* * *

><p>AN: If you liked it, show your thanks in form of a review! Baby Nadder's and Gronckel's and Night fury's for everyone who does! :D_**

2. Chapter 2

_**A/N: Sooo, because of all the requests I decided I'll give you all a sequel! :D I had an idea anyway, so yeah! Enjoy this!

>_

**_Edit: I'm a perfectionist. Thanks to Mythika for hinting out my most annoying typos and messing with my formatting! :D
>**

* * *

><p>Chapter 2

So.

The bump was showing.

A small, minuscule little elevation forming on her lower abdomen, _gradually_, making itself noticed to the world.

Honestly? Unless you _really_ looked, you wouldn't see a thing.

But to Astrid? It didn't do what it would with _other_ girls.

The kind you find walking in the big cities of our world, drinking Martini like a Queen.

She didn't complain about her perfect figure, her immaculate contours.

She's a Viking after all!

Astrid, well...she had..._other_ complaints.

"I can't _ride_ like this!" She suddenly burst out one breakfast, staring down at her belly with a scowl, as if _that_ would make it

disappear.

"What do you mean?" Hiccup raised a curious eyebrow as he set their meal on the table, taking a comfortable seat opposite his wife.

"I mean, I lean forward on Stormfly, getting into the precise position to fly aerodynamically perfect, and now this is blocking me." she pointed her two index fingers towards herself as if her growing uterus were an alien mutation.

"Aren't you exaggerating?"

"No." She gave her opposite an incredulous look.

She was turning more and more temperamental, that was for sure.

'Gee Thor, she hasn't even been pregnant for long...' Hiccup sighed internally, keeping a completely straight face as his wife glared him down.

"You did this to me." she muttered as her orbs turned into slits.

"It takes two, you know." he spoke leisurely, biting into a fish cake laying innocently on his plate.

Astrid crossed her arms, obviously not approving of his statement, "Yeah, and I carry the burden."

"Wasn't my choice to make. Besides, you have just called our son a burden."

"Son?"

"Yeah."

"Son?"

"Yeah."

She stared with open amazement, "Whoever said it's a boy!?"

Now it was Hiccup's turn to frown at his partner, "Well...I guess it'll be a boy." He shrugged, not sure how else to respond.

She simply rolled her eyes, shaking her head, "It might be a girl."

"Yeah but it might be a boy."

"It might even be twins."

At that comment, the chief of Berk chocked on his breakfast, his face running red as he nearly retched, banging a fist against his chest, "Dear...Odin...forbid!"

Once he had caught his breath, washing the crumbs down with a few gulps of water, he looked back at his wife, "Please, tell me Gothi didn't say it would be twins."

Astrid opened her mouth, ready to retort something shocking, but then began to frown again. After a curt silence, she shrugged, "No, it's not twins."

"_Thank you Freyja!" _He rested his head against the large wooden table, _"_The nut twins are already three handful too much to deal with."

"This does _not_ solve my problem."

Gradually, Hiccup raised his head with a stern look attached, "_Right_. You can't fly properly on Stormfly's back. Because of a _bump_."

"Yes!"

"Astrid..."

"It's true!"

"You are going crazy."

Oh, if only he hadn't said that.

For shortly after that remark, his wife had him knocked to the cold floor, nearly kissing the dirt and ash that were scattered there as she held his arms behind his back in an iron-like grip.

"As...trid..."

"_What_ were you saying, _sweetheart_?" She placed a very sarcastic tone into her voice as she hissed those words through her gritted teeth.

Her husband struggled with all force, but she had had the element of surprise on her side earlier, and he was in a pretty hopeless position right now.

Well, until...

He twisted his hand around rapidly, tearing one free which he used to tickle her sides, making her lose hold and jump up, giggling.

With one swift roll, Hiccup was back to his feet, brushing off the dust from his attire.

"Alright, alright, I get it. The bump's annoying you. But hey! It's our child in there! Isn't that worth a sacrifice?"

She glared.

"Not like you're going to ride much these next months. Too dangerous."

Her look intensified. He felt his skull burning.

"I can do the morning check-up on my own from now on."

Was he even realising how much more salt he was chucking carelessly into the wound?

"If I didn't love you so much, I'd kick you in the guts." Was all he got for a response as she angrily stomped past him and left the house.

Hiccup stood, eyes wide open, hands outstretched in open wonder, staring at the empty space his wife had just been in, _"What the hell?!"_

* * *

><p>His mother had warned him.<p>

She most definitely had.

He marched towards his parent's house, knocking politely on the door and nervously waiting for one of them to open up.

Which was, by chance, his dearly mother.

"Mom-"

"Let me guess. Astrid throwing a tantrum?"

He shut his open-hanging jaw and nodded meekly.

Valka laughed lightly, shaking her head as her eyes crinkled with mirth, "Let's go find her then, son." Closing the door behind her, she walked next to Hiccup across the pathway leading towards the heart of Berk.

"Where's dad?" the chief asked halfway during their journey.

"Taking a flight with Skullcrusher somewhere out there." She smiled at the clouds, a look of love spreading in her eyes.

"Right, probably checking on Berk secretly. Just to make sure."

"Or to see where his daughter-in-law is at." She chuckled a little when Hiccup made a rather sour expression.

As luck would have it, Astrid was standing in the town-centre, an axe in one hand and Stormfly opposite her, waiting for her rider's commands.

When she saw Hiccup approach, she glared some more, but upon the sight of her mother-in-law, a smile spread itself on her lips.

"Valka!" She called out, now grinning as per usual.

"Hello darling, how're you today?"

"I'm good." she gave Hiccup a meaningful look, "_Really_ good."

"How's flying on Stormfly's back?" Just as she asked, Valka stood right in front of the blond Viking, a hand carefully touching the

rising abdomen.

Her cerulean orbs met once more with the emeralds of her husband.

"It's...a bit hard 'cause of the bump."

She heard Hiccup scoff somewhere in the background, but tuned it out.

"I...always feel like I'm squeezing the child when I lean over..." Astrid twiddled with her fingers, looking nervous. She knew her husband was observing her now, probably inquiringly.

"The overwhelming emotions you get when you become a mother. I know. It's more of a challenge than some might believe. Don't worry, your child will be fine." Once more, Valka touched her belly, smiling sincerely at the young girl who returned it with a hearted one of her own.

"You are glowing much more, you know; there is a beautiful light in your eyes. It'll only intensify from here on."

Hiccup watched as Astrid's orbs began to sparkle with understanding and glee, her arms curling around her mid-section.

"Oh hey, look! It's the chief and his wife! And his mom!" Tuffnut came trudging along, Snotlout and Hookfang following closely.

"Hey Tuffnut. Snotlout." Hiccup nodded towards them, the latter-mentioned simply giving him a knowing smirk.

"Having a hard time?" He asked, leaning against his Monstrous Nightmare.

The chief decided not to answer that, out of fear his wife might throw another fit.

"Yeah, you must be having that! I mean Astrid is getting all stropky and annoying now, like, worse than Ruffnut could ever be. And she'll be proper fat soon!"

He said it with such enthusiasm that, even though Snotlout, Hiccup and Valka were gazing in horror, knowing his demise, he was taken by surprise upon Astrid's response.

As invisible and speedy as a Night Fury, she stood in front of the twin Viking and punched him thoroughly into the guts.

Tuffnut reeled over, holding his stomach in devastating pain, "Oh...my...Thor..." he was completely out of breath, falling to his knees, "I think she punched a hole! A hole! My heart just stopped! Someone, get a doctor!" Stretching his hand desperately into the air, he finally fell over, groaning all the while.

"Anyone wanna add to that?" Astrid gave both boys a meaningful look, even Hookfang, who all took a step back in fear.

Hiccup had the awful image of him crumpling to the ground there. Five years ago, that thought wouldn't have been all too

absurd.

"Nope. Not at all." Snotlout quickly moved to his dragon's side, "Well, I gotta go be places, win a few women's hearts. Goodbye!" As quickly as he had arrived, he was gone, a flaming Nightmare tainting the clouds a desperate crimson.

Meanwhile, Tuffnut was still rolling in pain on the ground.

Astrid had wandered off, Stormfly behind.

"Shall we just...let him lay around or...?" Hiccup shrugged at the crippled form of a Viking in front of him, and Valka simply shook her head in amusement.

"Well son, now you know never to mess with a woman. _Especially _a pregnant one."

* * *

><p>Hiccup found himself drowning in chief-duties that day.<p>

There were numerous dragon-nests, scattered around Berk and the islands close, which needed to be fixed. Since the baby-dragon season and the whole fire-spitting these kids got up to, a lot was churned.

He also had to organise the three fishing boats at the pier, for which each a Thunderdrum was needed to help the Vikings with their deeds. And it wasn't easy deciding which one's to take, seeing as all the adolescent Thunderdrums would be making a mess without senior minders.

The coaled houses, maintenances urging to be done, the whole villager-complaints awaiting him in written form and much more were not making his task's any easier, either.

And on top of all that iceberg of endless worries was his greatest, most strenuous one running around somewhere on Berk, or the Dragon Island, or wherever, without him knowing.

He had not heard from Astrid all day.

When he met Fishlegs at the piers, both harnessing the Thunderdrums for the fishing tour, the Ingerson had to disappoint him with a shake of his head when Hiccup asked if he had seen his wife around.

When Toothless came back after his rider had sent him to the academy to check on the young students, he whispered for his dark companion to go take a look for Astrid. Yet the Night Fury returned, tilting his head as if to say "Sorry Hiccup! No can do!"

The chief sighed once more in frustration that dusk, watching scarlet and orange fading into the horizon, giving way to a beautiful mixture of indigo and midnight-blue.

When the full-moon rose, he felt a nudge to his left.

Toothless glanced at him with expectant eyes, large amber orbs glittering with excitement.

"Time for our evening flight, bud." he grinned, getting on Toothless' back and feeling the wind rush past him as the Night-Fury pierced through the clouds.

It was a mesmerizing night indeed, with the stars brighter than usual, Arvendole's fire glittering spectacularly in the heavens as the undefeated duo travelled nonchalantly through the sky.

Hiccup felt a small twinge in his heart. The habit of Toothless and him had turned into one Astrid and Stormfly enjoyed as well. They would always, _always_ come along.

No words were ever spoken, for they were not necessary.

She would _always_ challenge him to a race back home...

Suddenly, Toothless gave off a whale-like sound, flying lower towards a small island nearby.

"What's up bud? You discovered something?" Following his dragon's lead, he found himself soon on the jagged rocks of said island, a beautiful little valley outstretched behind him.

"What's here?" Toothless bounded off once they landed, tumbling through the valley and gliding towards a little rising hill, where another dragon sat silently.

It was Stormfly, Hiccup realised once they reached their destination.

She was laying next to her rider, who was fast asleep on a rock, a large piece of parchment spread in front of her on the stone-floor, coal scattered across the drawings she had been making.

They loved doing this a lot. Especially before Hiccup had become chief. He was a free spirit after all, wanting to discover the world and find out everything there was to see. And Astrid, as his best friend, partner in crime, better half and back then _girlfriend_ had _always_ accompanied him.

That was, if she was not held up by winning another Dragon Race.

It simply was their thing.

They had created countless maps together " large parchments stuck together designing a fantastic overview of the world they resided in.

It seemed she had taken this day to continue on their little project.

Hiccup smiled warmly, leaning down next to his wife and kissing her tenderly on the temple.

"Let's get her home guys." He spoke to the two dragons.

He raised her with utmost care, climbing onto the back of Toothless and arranging her in his arms so that she was safely leaning against his chest.

"Come on bud, let's go home. Stormfly, you go back to your stable." Yowling in understanding, the Deadly Nadder took off.

Toothless decided for a softer descend, running across and gradually kicking off the ground as to not rouse Astrid.

* * *

><p>He heard a feminine moan when she gradually woke up, her eyes flickering with the light of the next morning.<p>

"Hiccup...?" She rasped silently, turning her head and looking to the side "€" as Hiccup usually lay next to her in bed, of course.

She sighed lengthily when she found it empty, only filled by the warmth of the glistening morning rays.

Turning her head back so that she'd face the ceiling, she let them get used to the brightness first before deciding to stand up.

As Astrid took in the chirping of Terrible Terrors accompanied by the calls of working Vikings in the distance, a bellowing dragon somewhere between it all together with gusts of winds storming past, she also took note of shuffling feet, paper scratching surface and something falling to the ground.

"Damn. That was my last coal." a deep voice mumbled from downstairs.

"Hiccup?" The blonde Viking called out with a frown.

"Yup! Downstairs! You need anything?" Came the reply with an echo as he began to walk again, according to the sound Astrid was taking in.

With one energetic push, she jumped to her feet, jolting down the steps like an enthusiastic woman, quickly throwing her husband a small smile before she grabbed the next bucket and began to retch.

Her new morning ritual.

"You've got the hang of it." Hiccup laughed, sitting back down at the table.

The female took a deep breath before deciding to speak, "How the hell did I end up here?"

"You said yes when I proposed."

She giggled, closing her eyes in amusement, "That's not what I mean you braniac."

"Oh, you mean as in '_How'd I end up in my house when I was on an island a few miles south-west from here before'?"_

Astrid turned back to her bucket, emptying her already starved stomach some more, "Yes...!" She chocked afterwards.

"Toothless found you during our evening flight. And We bought you home."

She puffed out some air, falling to her knees and deciding to sit on the floor, "Oh..."

Just then, Astrid noticed what her husband was actually up to.

He had the map from last night spread out on the table, various little notes scattered here and there, a crumbled coal pencil in the middle of it â€" Hiccup was using its remains to write down a few things â€" and Toothless proudly to his side.

Every now and then he would lick a piece so his rider could stick it on adequately.

"The map..." she whispered, staring intently at it.

"Yup. Decided to finish it off. You could've told me where you'd be yesterday. I was worried you know."

She rolled her eyes at him, even though he was focused on his work.

"I didn't feel like telling you."

"Because of a stupid little argument."

"Hiccup, remember when Stormfly was pregnant and no one could touch her, despite go anywhere near her, for she flung her spikes everywhere, except me?"

He twisted his head in her direction with a thoughtful frown, remembering the scenario only too well, "Yeah, sure. It was quite a tough time for us handling her."

"_That's_ exactly what's happening with _me_ right now." She pointed towards her abdomen to get her message across most clearly.

"There's a difference. Yours doesn't have scales, nor wings, nor will you lay an egg."

"It's still the same process! You _know_ what a drag it was with Stormfly!"

"Well, then let me touch you." He turned his body fully towards her, facing her with a serious expression.

"_Please what?_" She gazed quite incredulously at him.

"I don't â€" Astrid! I don't mean it _that_ way! I mean like with Stormfly â€" no one could touch her; _except for you_. Well then, go shout at Snotlout or Tuffnut, hell even _Fishlegs_, complain all you want, just let _me_ be the one you can lean on. Let me help you feel happy."

She could not help the smile that tugged at her lips, spreading unhurriedly as the young Viking held her husband's eye-contact.

"You can't _help me feel happy_, Hiccup, you _make me feel happy_!"

She laughed as if she had just discovered the best joke in the universe.

Her opposite suddenly found himself blushing very lightly, "Right...same difference." He walked towards her, holding out his hand which Astrid took thankfully to jump to her feet.

"So, big chief of Berk, what's today's plan?" Her loving gaze made him forget his somewhat embarrassed state.

"I wanted to check up on the last few dragon-nests, and then," he quickly averted his eyes towards the map on the table, "I thought of continuing with that." Hiccup smiled down at his wife, "So, how about you grab something to eat and meanwhile I might consider taking you along."

Her mouth fell agape, but her eyes still twinkled with mirth, "Right! You'd be lost without me!"

"Yeah, sure."

"Yes"

A curt kiss to her lips immediately stole her breath just as Astrid was about to retort with another great response.

"I know." He whispered, his hand brushed past her stomach, "That's why I've got to protect you, and him."

"_Him?"_

"Yes."

"Here we go again! Hiccup, it'll be a girl!"

"_Whoever said that!?"_

"I did!"

"Yeah but you won't know for sure, not until it _comes_"

"Rule number one: _never _argue with a pregnant woman! Especially not if that woman is called Astrid!"

"It'll be a boy."

"Girl."

"Boy."

"Twins."

"_Astrid_"

They found themselves laughing in each other's arms afterwards.

* * *

><p>AN: Pfff the ending is not the best, I know, but I kinda lost inspiration by then! : 'D NONETHELESS! REVIEWS ARE MUCH

APPRECIATED! SO DO ME THE FAVOUR!

>_

***throws dragon-nip* **

3. Chapter 3

**_A/N: **_Anyone who knows the "Chronicles of Ancient Darkness" series will understand what I have tried to accomplish here. Anyone who does not: GO. READ. IT! It's fantastic._

_So yeah, so many of you wanted another sequel that I gave in, after inspiration hit once more, and added another shot. I actually have been playing with this idea for a few months now. This is **'Toothless' ****POV,**** although still **3rd**** Person perspective. Hence, some words/objects/things are described differently here. I did not want to italicise them, thus I chose to write them with capitals instead. _

_I hope this is enjoyable and somewhat amusing. If you are confused, write it in your review, which, I hope you are posting one way or another! _

* * *

><p>Chapter 3

His senses suddenly perked, and he felt a change in atmosphere take over the small, wooden construction they had for a shelter.

The warmth underneath his sleek, onyx body had long faded; a damp, cold sensation taking over.

Toothless cracked open one of his glowing, amber orbs and gazed tiredly around.

The Red Hot was burning with a lazy flicker and twist, sizzling silently to itself. He always did ask himself if it could talk, and if those awkward, strange sounds were its own language, just like the warble his wingless companions usually made.

But then again, he himself was capable of creating such a bright beast; thus, would it not communicate using his language?

Some things in life were a mystery, even to Toothless.

He puffed out a strong, smoky cloud of air through his warm nostrils, pupils dilating as the softening glow of early light greeted his dry, shimmering scales.

Toothless raised his head, gradually glancing around once more, turning to inspect his surrounding.

Except for the indefatigable Red Hot, everything was silent and motionless.

Strange, thought the Night Fury. Usually, Wispy Wingless would be marching around eagerly, drawing with his bizarrely formed claws onto some thin, evenly shaped brown leaf.

And She Wingless would be here too, briefly pressing her maw against her mate's cheek before stirring up some hazardously stinking concoction in the smooth Shiny Round, from which both usually ate and which hung over the Red Hot.

They would calmly give off some further gobbledygook Toothless only semi-understood. He always loved to observe his wonderful, lanky friend when they did talk.

The light in his eyes, radiating with a deep intensity that reminded the dragon of sprouting grass and proud, tall trees was a beautiful sight. It proved just how content he was, facing She Wingless and seeing her return his emotions with the same intensity.

He never did quite understand what it was that caused his rider to become so...lovedumb, but he accepted it. Already back then, during his wispier days, he had gazed after She Wingless with a strong sense of longing. He admired her, no doubt.

Toothless even dared to admit that the male nearly loved her as much as he did his dragon. Or maybe, if he really pushed down his scaly, reptilian pride to the maximum, he'd say they were on the same level of importance to him.

But the obsidian creature knew just how meaningful he was to Wispy Wingless, and how significant Wispy Wingless was to him. They had a bond that, five years ago, the charcoal being could not have imagined to ever have.

They were terrifying hunters and barbaric warriors, for all he had ever known. But not so his friend " he was different. Wispy Wingless had a deeper form of understanding and insight no other wingless had.

Stretching his taut limbs, Toothless spread his thinly membraned wings delicately, getting onto his paws and off the stone slab he had for a cot. He shook himself energetically, feeling the depths of his stomach growl like an angry Terrible Terror. He needed food. Fast.

He cooed into the empty room, hoping for either of the two tall beings to turn the corner and recognize his awakened state, but nothing happened.

It then occurred to Toothless, who usually had a sleeping spot in the upper part of the shelter (but was moved down after She Wingless decided to live with them) that they might be just there, not awake yet themselves.

Hence, he nimbly skipped up the even wooden slates and flapped to reach the top, sniffing vehemently in the hope that he might actually detect Wispy Wingless or someone else.

Yet his nose and eyes bought him to an empty, cold cot and darkened room.

They were not there.

And, now reconsidering, Tiny Wingless was not present, either...

A small amount of panic seeped through his system, causing the reptile to jolt gracefully down, peeking around and wailing.

His voice picked up in volume, thus causing a small, squeaky cry to exit from a minuscule, wooden construction that lay hidden away from the Red Hot's light.

It was now, inhaling deeply, nostrils flared, that Toothless smelt beyond the burnt fragrance of wood and detected the faint, yet growing scent of Tiny Wingless.

Relief immediately overcame him as his tightened muscles relaxed, which had been ready for action. He ambled over towards the cot, carefully glancing inside and whiffing more strongly, just to make sure Tiny Wingless really was wrapped within those suffocating sheets of White Soft.

Nudging with his nose, the sheets fell to the side a little, revealing a round, pudgy face and tightly shut eyes. Thin streaks of fragile Short Soft covered the top of the overly large head.

It squealed again, miniature paws clawing the air frantically.

Toothless grunted, irritated. Tiny Wingless got louder and louder, whining more atrociously than any Terrible Terror could sing.

The piercing cacophony stabbed at his ears, and he grimaced, pulling his face out of the cot and taking several steps back.

He had a mixture of battling feelings arise wherein he was undecided between tenderly rubbing his head against the little being in the hopes of quieting it, or roaring full on to show it just who had the greater pair of lungs. A part of him suggested doing both, albeit he could not decide in what order.

Toothless shook his head, hoping desperately the problem of this endless ruckus would solve itself without his interference, before She Wingless discovered his doing and chastised him.

To top it all off, a pungent, spicy smell now filled the shelter, reminding the dragon of decay.

Yuck, Tiny Wingless was loud and stank. Wonderful, with what right did he deserve such punishment?

Toothless now wailed deeply himself, hoping someone would hear him and stop the little monster in his action.

He could not take any more of the outrageous jangle. And the infant's woe started to rub off on him.

He rubbed a paw feverishly against his ear, trying to muffle the sounds, but to no avail. He half considered jumping out of the hole that led outside in the upper part of the shelter, but knew that he could not leave Tiny Wingless all alone, hapless as the creature was.

"Hiccup, the baby!" His heart jolted with delight as he heard the

flowing, light-hearted voice of She Wingless chime up.

Hiccup. He understood that the wingless beings called Wispy Wingless that. A funny combination of sounds, Toothless thought. Always spoken with pride, nonetheless.

Flavescent eyes peeked up, noting how she entered from somewhere in the back. Was there a new entrance? An addition to this wooden build that the reptile had somehow missed? He could not recall Wispy Wingless to have been working here anytime lately.

Yet there she stood, leaning over the cot and smiling brilliantly down at her scrawny offspring.

"Is okay, little one. Mama's here now." Her claws came forward, stroking with utmost delicacy.

"I'm here, I'm here!" The deep, rumbling voice of his most beloved companion now interrupted her soothing tone.

Wispy Wingless staggered into the room, his Shiny Paw nearly slipping, yet he caught himself.

Within an instant, he stood next to his mate, staring down and glowing with the same happiness.

"Everything okay with the baby?" He whispered, paws now placed onto She Wingless' shoulders.

"Yeah, think the diaper needs a change though..."

"I'll do it." Pressing his maw onto her cheek, Wispy Wingless then carefully reached down, grasping the small toddler with a lot of ardour before carrying him lovingly towards a High Platform.

"Hey bud, awake? Had a good night?" He questioned without glancing behind him at the reptilian being.

No need for that, anyway, as Toothless knew perfectly well when he was being spoken to by his rider.

There was a funny, upbeat clang to his voice which the dragon recognized as a good mood.

Wispy Wingless currently cleaned up Tiny Wingless, diminishing the biting scent he had been fighting with merely a few moments ago.

His dragon warbled eagerly, his stomach once more making itself noted. He desperately needed to still it with some of those slick, flapping Jumping Scales; or as his best friend would put it: fish.

She Wingless giggled mellifluously, stepping towards a Food Holder. She opened the rounded top and pushed it towards Toothless with a grin, "Here boy, you seem hungry."

With ever-growing delight, the Night Fury watched as several, differently sized Jumping Scales scattered in front of him, all smelling fresh and salty. He dipped his muzzle right into the slippery goods after he released his fangs, wolfing them down.

A pleasant chill overcame Toothless, his eyes dilating once more as he gulped and cooed merrily.

He then observed as his rider approached, the offspring sitting snugly at his hip and leaning its oversized head on its father's shoulder, nonchalantly sucking its paw.

"Toothless, today we're going to do something special. You'll be flying with two riders." He held up Tiny Wingless with pride; the being gazed down at the creaking floor with large, shimmering eyes, not understanding what was going on.

The Night Fury, however, did understand pretty well. He tilted his head, one eye closing a little with puzzlement. Was his most loyal companion seriously suggesting that both he and the squealing baby were to ride on his back?

Currently, the only time Toothless got some much needed rest from the constant pandemonium Tiny Wingless was causing was when Wispy Wingless took him for a flight. Which, lately, was not very often, and not for very long, because of said tiny, scaleless creature.

Now the obsidian reptile comprehended that, when you had a child; a miniature version of oneself, you had to preserve it; protect and take care of the toddler until it can stand on its own feet and fight its own wars. That's the way his kind did it every year, when the weather grew a little colder.

But usually, it only took a few Lights before the small dragons were fully grown and could independently live their lives.

This little crawler, however, had been with them during several Lights and Darks; Toothless started to count the many times he saw the Bright Round Hot rise near the horizon each morning. This had to end sometime soon, right? Yet Tiny Wingless was simply not growing.

In the name of all that was holy, which, to the Night Fury, was not much, he only just got a few strands of Short Soft on his head!_

Why was it taking so long?

He remembered Wispy Wingless having trouble at first, but then suddenly, he shot upwards towards the Vast Blue, constantly readjusting his rider gear on Toothless and himself.

The dragon grimaced in response to his rider.

"Toothless, don't go pouting on me again. You know we have to teach this little-"

"You are not taking our child flying on a dragon's back." She Wingless, the saviour!

He could tell by her harsh tone that she was not agreeing with her mate's plan. And he was glad for it. A voice of reason!

Tell him, fierce She Wingless, that one does not mess with

Toothless' indispensable morning flights!

Especially not leaking little wingless monsters which cried during the Dark and sobbed along the Light.

"Aww, come on Astrid, it's best to get our kid used to dragons now, one day-

"Hiccup. Our child. Will not. Fly on the back of a dragon. Yet." Stern, cerulean orbs glared warningly at him, challenging her mate to argue some more.

With interest Toothless watched the banter between those lovedumbs, eyes twitching from male to female.

"We cannot start early enough! Mother told me how when I was just a baby-

"Yeah, we know, you were different, what else." She trudged over towards the Shiny Round, fumbling to retrieve some of the obscene mixture she called stew.

"Astrid, we cannot allow for the child to grow up in fear of dragons, like we did. In order to strengthen the bond between humans and dragons-

And at this point Toothless decided to tune out. He knew Wispy Wingless loved long talks in which he convinced the others around him of his ideas, all agreeing with widened, fascinated eyes.

Whilst the Night Fury understood his good intentions, he also felt little to no patience when it came to postponing his flight session.

He needed to spread his wings right now. Preferably with Wispy Wingless on his back; both of them mucking around, playing games, practising new, risky manoeuvres and laughing with each other.

With Tiny Wingless, he would have to be extra careful, glide extra slow and evenly to make sure the toddler did not fall off and hurt itself. So feeble it was.

Toothless grunted, slumping onto the ground, eyes half-lidded.

"Hiccup," She Wingless must have been thinking similarly to the black reptile, for she interrupted him also, "instead of fussing over our child so much, you should consider that Toothless might want some alone time with you. Just the both of you goofing off as you usually did, back before the Chieftain days. In three hours we have a meeting in the Mead Hall" halting with her lecture, she trudged over, grabbing Tiny Wingless from her mate's arms and cuddling it towards her chest, "so make the best out of what little time you have before duty takes over." She pecked him on his muzzle, walking past and sitting down on one of those curious seats they liked to use for resting.

She Wingless held a small Half Round Food Holder in her hands, wanting to feed the baby her mixture. It pulled its head away, moaning as the little Soft's above his eyes creased to form a

frown.

"C'mon, for Mama." She sang, pressing her maw against the infant's head.

Wispy Wingless sighed, his blunt claws diving through his own Short Soft's, eyes squeezing shut.

"You're right, we'll wait for our little Viking to grow some more. In the meantime, I'll take Toothless out. I'm pretty sure he's in a bad mood because he's been having to wait all morning." There was laughter as he spoke, and She Wingless nodded joyfully, still trying to feed the toddler some of the brew it so evidently did not want.

His ears peeked up; the Night Fury watched intently as his rider approached. The moment Wispy Wingless grasped his funny, spiked Face Protector, he shot up.

Dilated pupils gazed ecstatically at him, his tongue lolling out and eyes creasing with joy. Toothless wagged his tail, feeling his best companion rub his paw softly over his head.

"Let's go, bud." Together, they left the shelter.

He got himself in the right stance, crouching low so that he could leap up full force the very instance Wispy Wingless clambered onto his back. As soon as he heard the Shiny Paw click into position at his left, he jolted, spreading his wings and feeling the rush of wind embrace him.

Within a flap, he was airborne.

* * *

><p>AN: **I was battling with myself trying to figure out if I should write more or not, but ultimately, decided this was the right spot to stop._

It was a hell of a lot of fun to write. I imagine that Toothless, similar to Wolf from COAD, would call Hiccup the very first thing he had in mind when they met. And that might as well have been "he's wispy. And has no wings".

I hope you did not get the impression that Toothless does not like their kid " he does, just is annoyed by it, especially as he gets less time with Hiccup.

Oh, and you should all have noticed that I did not, in any way, mention the child's gender; that's because you all seemed to have differing opinions and desires, and I wanted to leave it open. I'm evil that way.

And now, **REVIEW** my friends! Tell me what Tiny Wingless is; boy or girl? :P

End
file.